DIARY OF A MINECRAFT BOUNTY HUNTER 11

Mission 4 : Evil Dinnerbone

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Mission 4 – ‘Evil Dinnerbone’
By Minecrafters & Wimpy Boy

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PREVIOUSLY:

Bounty hunters. Once foes of both the server population and the Admins, now staunch defenders of Minecraft. Alongside the Admins, we fought evil wherever it dared to rear its ugly head. Hackers and cheaters were no match for the likes of us.

Up until this point, we'd had two major battles. The first was with a master of explosives, known only as Dr. Boom. After a long, winding chase and a lengthy battle over the city, I... I mean Charles, managed to defeat him, even though he'd managed to acquire Admin powers.

Soon afterwards, we were made Honorary Admins and sent on our next mission, which pitted us against Team Grieferz, a bunch of age-old pirates who hadn't been seen in years. Despite their immunity to our new Admin powers, we eventually managed to best them, though not before they summoned some ancient creature to give us a bit of trouble: The Kraken.

Despite the world-destroying capabilities of this beast, we managed to overcome it and save the day. It was around this time that Dinnerbone, leader of the Council of Developers, made an attempt to shut our server down. Charles, the Head Admin (AKA Greg) and I all went to speak with him, where we soon encountered Project End.

Project End was a banning tool to be used against evil players, created by Notch no less. Although it was effective, Herobrine eventually corrupted it and Notch was forced to seal Project End away. Now however, he'd managed to escape, and was busy causing damage across the entire server.

At this point, Dinnerbone revealed the existence of an item which could help us: Notch's Apple. An object capable of editing the world itself. We set off on a journey to find it, though we found ourselves facing an old foe. Dr. Boom.

Boom revealed he'd survived the previous battle and wanted to help us out. We reluctantly allowed him to join, and his powers soon became apparent. He was stronger than the Developers themselves, though he wouldn't say why.

We eventually made it to our destination: the heart of the server. There, we encountered strange creatures designed by the Developers themselves, including Guardians: human-like beings which couldn't be destroyed. Apparently they were once tasked with protecting Notch's Temple, supposed home of Notch's Apple, but had since gone rogue.

After a lengthy journey, we finally found ourselves overlooking the temple, with hundreds of guardians blocking our path. Although we managed to fight our way through them, only Boom and I made it inside the temple. Dinnerbone, Greg and Charles looked to be defeated.

Soon enough, we discovered that Notch’s Apple was gone. Already taken by someone else. Despite this, we went off to fight Project End anyway, and after a lengthy battle, managed to defeat him by sealing him in a volcano.

Our troubles weren’t over yet though, for we were then approached by Dinnerbone, Charles and Greg, who accused us of stealing Notch’s Apple and freeing End in the first place. After a brief battle, we managed to escape to one of Boom’s lairs.

There, Boom began his research and soon discovered that the evidence Dinnerbone had shown us was forged. We weren’t responsible for the crime, and now we had the proof. We then received a message from Charles, informing us that Dinnerbone had gone insane and was threatening to destroy the server.

Boom and I met with Charles and Greg, and after sharing the power of Herobrine’s Apple, we battled Dinnerbone one final time. Using our most powerful attacks and even dropping a kraken on the developer, he looked to be defeated...

But was it enough?

Oh yeah, I almost forgot.

“HANDS OFF PUNK!”

Haha, good times.

PART 1

“Is it over?”

There we were, having just launched the most powerful attack possible in the Minecraft universe. Dropping a giant kraken on someone’s head. Destructive, chaotic and really cool looking. Aside from turning Dinnerbone into a pancake (hopefully), it had pretty much totaled every building in sight. What a shame. It was going to take forever to clean all that mess up.

Good thing I wouldn’t be handling that.

“Did we do it?” Charles asked.

“I’m not sure,” I replied, surveying the crater we’d managed to make.

We’d hit Dinnerbone, no question about it. But had it been enough? And if not, did we have the means to finish him off? Or was this just going to be a battle we really couldn’t win.

“He was pretty strong,” Greg noted, “I’m not entirely confident here.”

“Then get ready,” I told the others, “if he springs out of that crater then we hit him with everything we’ve got.”

We charged up our attacks, waiting for the inevitable. Silence seemed to fall upon the town, as the wind died down and the sounds of crumbling rubble faded. Was this really the end? Had we managed to defeat Dinnerbone?

Of course not.

A bright light filled the skies, as Dinnerbone flew up from the rubble once more. He certainly didn’t look very happy. His body was covered in bruises and scratches, and he appeared to have some trouble saying afloat. We’d certainly dealt some damage.

“You’ll pay for that,” he sneered, “I guarantee it with my life. I’ll crush every last one of you insects if it’s the last thing I do.”

“It will be the last thing you do,” Boom replied, “you Developers are nothing more than corrupt scumbags. You’ve caused way too much trouble these pasts few years, and now it’s up to us to stop you.”

“You really think you can stop me? Do you have any idea who I am?”

“A man whose about to be respawned,” Charles grinned, “any last words?”

“Think about what you’re doing,” Dinnerbone warned us, “where would Minecraft be without the Developers?”

“In a better place!” I yelled, “You were going to destroy our server because things were a little too dangerous. Well look around you! How isn’t this dangerous? You’ve threatened to put an end to every server, blaming a crime on us that you yourself committed. And apparently, we’re supposed to listen to you? To just give up and let you destroy everything we’ve worked so hard to build? Like heck we will!”

That seemed to catch him unawares. He stumbled back slightly, like he’d just been dealt a stinging slap. Even way up in the air, I could see the expression on his face changing. I continued:

“Something you Developers will never understand is what we have to fight through every day. Before we were made Admins, do you understand how difficult things were for us? How we had to work harder than we’ve ever worked to gather materials to build this world? The times we had to defend ourselves against criminals when the Admins weren’t around? You people have done nothing to help us. You’ve just sat back and watched the world grow! Well guess what? No more! We won’t submit to your reign, Dinnerbone. We’ll fight and we’ll sacrifice everything if that’s what it takes, but we will beat you!”

Boom. Headshot.

At first, Dinnerbone barely reacted. He twitched slightly, his face contorted with pain, before he burst out laughing like a maniac. Then he was crying. Laughing. Crying. Laughing. I'm sure you get the gist.

"Oh, you understand nothing," Dinnerbone muttered after he'd calmed down a little, "you really don't. I'm sorry Dan... he was just too powerful."

What? Who was? Before I could ask, I had my answer. A purple glow enveloped Dinnerbone's form, and a second later he was gone. Replaced by none other than Project End.

"Man, he was a weakling," the entity sighed, "ah well. Hey guys! What's up? Project End here! Hope you didn't miss me too much."

No. This wasn't possible. We dealt the ultimate defeat to this guy. We stuffed him in a gosh-dang volcano! A volcano for Notch's sake! How in the heck did he manage to escape that? I decided to ask him.

"Oh that's easy," he informed us, "I just dug into the ground below. No Obsidian there."

"Dang it," I muttered. With Project End free, things were about to get a whole lot worse around here, especially considering he wasn't trapped in the central server anymore.

"Now then, where to next? Should I finish you clowns off or maybe go cause havoc elsewhere?"

"As if we'd led you," Charles yelled, "you better come down here and face us right now, because otherwise, I'll hunt you down through every server until I find you."

"So threatening," Project End chuckled, "but I'm afraid you're in more trouble that you realize. Tell me Charles, where is Dinnerbone?"

Charles hesitated, "What do you mean?"

"I mean, where is he? You were fighting him a second ago, but now he's gone. Strange."

Oh no.

"You don't mean he's..."

"Despawned? I'm afraid so," Project End laughed his maniacal laugh, "The poor fool probably didn't even realize it. I've been tapping into his mind for years now, slowly worming my way into his head. Eventually, I gave him just enough of a push to come and open my cell door."

"That was you!" I hissed, "So Dinnerbone's been innocent all along!"

"He sure has," End grinned, "even better is the fact that I tried convincing him to destroy your server! I've been playing him this whole time and none of you even realized it."

So that was it. Dinnerbone hadn't hated us at all. He'd just been under End's influence.

"Anyways, after I got free I managed to take full control of him. I left one of my clones to play with Boom and Dan, before getting the other bounty hunters to come and help arrest them. I must say that the plan worked out

marvelously."

"A clone?" Now I was starting to get a little confused.

"Oh right! I never told you about that handy little move. Kinda like how Boom shared his powers with you guys, I've got the ability to, get this, create clones of myself. It's a really helpful move in a pinch. I just created a clone at 10% power and had it fight you guys."

What did he just say? Ten... percent!?

"That's not possible," Boom shook his head, "no way that clone was at 10%."

“Oh but I’m afraid it was,” End chuckled, “and you barely managed to win. Now, that power is gone forever which is a shame, but I’m still at 90% strength. Tell me fools, what are your chances against nine of me?”

... He had a point.

What were our chances anyway? We’d started on this quest knowing full well that End was so much stronger than us, and that our only chance was Notch’s Apple...

... which End was currently holding.

Was this it? Was this really where everything came to an end?

“END!”

It was Boom, living up to his name. He clenched a block of TNT tightly in his right hand, and gave Project End a glare which could melt Bedrock.

“I don’t care how powerful you are. I don’t care what you’ve managed to accomplish. I don’t even care that you managed to take a developer down. One way or another, I will find a way to destroy you. Mark my words, we will defeat you. That’s a promise.”

“So you’ve finally joined the side of good, eh Boom?”

“Not really. I’m just gonna make sure you don’t your filthy hands on my explosives.”

“Whatever. And what about the rest of you? Are you really going to try fighting me, no matter what the odds are?”

“Of course we are,” Greg affirmed, “I’m still Head Admin, powers or no. I’ll still defend the inhabitants of this server to my last breath, no matter what you throw at us. If you think you can handle that, then get ready, because I’ll throw everything I have right back at you!”

“Greg’s right,” Charles nodded, “one way or another, we will destroy you. I don’t care what it takes to do so. Project End, you won’t leave this place still standing!”

They were actually going to do it. They were actually going to fight him.

They were crazy. They were insane...

They were right.

“Don’t forget about me,” I stepped forwards, “this server is my home. It’s our home. If you think you’re just going to take it from us, then you’ve got another thing coming. We’ll defeat you End, even if it means our lives. So get ready, because the people of this server and the creations they’ve made, they mean the world to us. And if you honestly think you’re going to ruin all of that, then you’ve got another thing coming!”

“I was hoping you’d say that,” Project End smiled, his hands turning purple once again. One way or another, this was going to be one heck of a battle.

PART II

“ATTACK!” I yelled, and my comrades were swift to follow my commands.

Greg went in first, swinging a battleaxe he’d managed to apparate out of nothing. Project End simply flew out of the way, but failed to spot Charles coming up behind him, who managed to hit him with an arrow to the back.

Injured, he growled and started tossing a few fireballs, only for Boom to blast him in the face with an explosive and me to stick him in the leg with my trident.

“OW!” he cried out, “THAT REALLY HURT!”

Whoopsie, sorry.

The four of us stepped back as the second round of his attacks came down on us, this time in the form of meteors. End obviously wasn’t messing around anymore.

“BEGONE INSECTS!”

“Greg?” I questioned the former Head Admin, who nodded.

“HOLY SHIELD!”

A bright, glowing sphere formed over our heads, kept standing only by Greg’s strength. The meteors crashed into the protection, cracking the dome but failing to shatter it. Once the assault was finished, Greg lifted the shield, allowing Boom, Charles and I to launch our next series of attacks

“NUKE!”

“ARROW OF LIGHT!”

“DESTRUCTIVE SLASH!”

A large block of TNT fell down from the sky, looking a lot more dangerous than the previous ones we’d used. It glowed orange and seemed to scream ‘detonate me’. We did just that. Boom set it alight, leaving a giant crater in the ground and burying Project End in an inferno of fire.

Next up was Charles. Pulling back on the bow, he fired his arrow into the cloud of smoke left behind by the nuke. Naturally, any normal person would never hit their target. And as much as I hate to give the guy credit, Charles is a darned good archer. The arrow soared through the air, pierced the smoke and slammed into End.

And then it was my turn. Clutching my blade tightly, I followed the trail of light the arrow had left behind. Making my way through the thick, black fog, I found the form of End, who was currently down on one knee. Guess he wasn’t as powerful as they said.

Time to end this.

“BACK TO THE DARKNESS WITH YOU!” I cried out, swinging my sword.

I know, not the best line ever written, but I did see it in a movie once. That makes it about fifty times cooler. I mean, there’s no way that after delivering such an awesome line, End would have any way of avoiding this attack.

Guess I spoke too soon.

Before my sword could make contact, End had grasped hold of my blade. I clenched the hilt tightly, attempting to wrench my weapon free of his hands. But he refused to let go, and the incredible attack I had been about to unleash faded away into nothingness.

“Is that it?” End grinned like a maniac, “Is that really all you can bring to this little party!? A couple of bombs and some arrows? IS THIS THE BEST MINECRAFT HAS TO OFFER!?”

CRACK!

My sword shattered, and I was left defenseless. Before I could react, End thrust his palm against my chest.

“DARK BLAST!”

KABOOM!

A second, I’d been standing in front of End...

The next, I was in some crater. I couldn’t remember how I got there, but all I knew was that I was in a massive amount of pain. Each one of my limbs seemed to scream out in agony. I couldn’t so much as turn my head without the pain taking over my body.

I was reduced to a spectator, forced to watch my friends battle the ultimate threat. Unable to help. Unable to do anything. However this battle was going to turn out, it was in their hands now.

“Charles, look out!”

“On it!”

Charles sidestepped a dozen or so black orbs which had been thrown at him. Project End, annoyed that his prey was getting away, chased after him, summoning even more of the shadow balls to blast him away. Still, for all his power, End did have a weakness. He didn’t pay attention to his surroundings.

“HAMMER OF JUSTICE!”

Greg had taken to the skies now, calling upon his own Banhammah to give End a thorough beating. End turned, taking the full force of the attack and crashing back down to earth. Before he could get out of his newly formed crater, Greg brought the hammer down again and again and again. Four times. Eight times. Sixteen times. Thirty-two times.

On sixty-three, End had had enough. He flew out of the giant hole left in the ground by the Head Admin’s attack and smacked him across the jaw. Greg stumbled back, but didn’t relent. He conjured a few knives from his sleeves, throwing them at his opponent. Although End managed to dodge each one, this left an opening for Greg to grab ahold of our opponent’s arms.

“SHOCKWAVE!”

Man, this was going to hurt.

Similar to the attack End had used on me, Greg was now filling End’s body with several bajillion volts of redstone power. Notch’s creation cried out in intense pain, shaking and squirming as Greg dealt his own form of justice to the machine.

“You think you can pass judgment onto us Minecraftians?” Greg demanded, “You think you can just ban us outright? Guess again pal! I’m going to give you such a thrashing that by the time I’m done, you’ll wish you never crawled out of that prison!”

Greg then proceeded to up the voltage, continuing his relentless attack on the banning machine. Even I had to admit that I thought this was a bit excessive. Did we really need to do this much to take down our opponent?

That, and more.

End finally broke free of the attack, throwing five punches in less than a second. Greg felt the full force of each one, leaving him stunned by the end of the combo. Before Charles or Boom could hope to respond, Project End’s fist had turned a dark purple.

“I’LL SEE YOU IN THE NETHER!” he declared, striking Greg a final time...

“Player banned,” somewhere, a robotic voice announced, “Head Admin Greg has been banned from this universe.”

No...

No, that couldn’t be right. Greg was the Head Admin. He couldn’t be banned. There was no way. It wasn’t possible to get rid of him. No. No, it couldn’t be true.

Greg. The Admin I’d hated during my days as a bounty hunter. Greg. The Admin who’d decided to give us a chance and make us Honorary Admins. Greg. The guy who’d just given his life to defend the server he loved so much.

Gone.

I wanted to take down Project End there and then. I wanted to climb out of this stupid crater he’d left me in and hit him with magical spells until he was no more. I wanted to do everything in my power to remove him from existence. But I couldn’t. I was still recovering from the damage I’d taken.

Luckily, Charles was fulfilling my role quite well.

“BEGONE!” he roared at the top of his lungs, striking End with enough force to make the ground shake. Before End could retaliate, Charles struck him again, this time hitting him in the back. He was tossed back down to earth like a ragdoll, and my partner wasn’t stopping there.

“I’LL DESTROY YOU!” Charles promised, “I’LL DESTROY YOU, END!”

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

With each strike, the already destroyed city was shattered even further. Now, there weren’t even any ruins left. Just piles of rubble, becoming smaller and smaller with each blow that Charles landed.

“DON’T FORGET ABOUT ME!” Boom stepped in, and Charles stepped back just enough so that my explosive-loving friend could drop in many of his homemade bombs. A good three-hundred or so to be exact.

KABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Blackness.

When I came to my senses, I wasn’t in Blockopolis anymore. There wasn’t anything left. Where there had been piles of rubble, there was now just a wasteland. Good thing the citizens had managed to escape in time, else we’d have to replace all their stuff.

Groaning, I climbed to my feet. My healing spells were still working, but at least I could move now. Seeing where I was going however was a different story altogether. A dark cloud of dust now covered the landscape. I couldn’t even see my hand in front of my face.

“Charles?” I called out into the darkness, “Boom?”

Where were they? Just what kind of attack had the mad doctor pulled off there? Incredibly dangerous, and destructive to boot. He’d destroyed what was left of Blockopolis, and now I had no idea where anyone was.

“Is that you Dan?”

Oh thank goodness. I recognized the voice of Charles immediatley.

“I’m over here,” he called out from the fog, “come and give me a hand! Boom is stuck under some rubble.”

I marched over to him, taking great care to walk slowly through the dust. If End was still around, he could easily be lurking in the darkness.

“Charles?” I called out again.

“Over here mate! You’re almost there!”

The dust was starting to get to me now. There was barely any air to breath. I had to get to Charles, free Boom and then we could all go home...

Well, not all of us.

Greg... it was still so hard to believe he was gone forever.

“Charles!?” a called out a third time, finally making out a shape in front of me. Bent over, trying to dig through the rubble.

“Oh, there you a-“

The next thing I knew, there was a hand grasped around my neck.

“Fool,” End taunted, “it’s so easy to mimic voices these days. Can’t believe how I was able to lure you over here. This really has been too easy.”

Impossible. How on earth had he survived an attack of that magnitude?

Before I could open my mouth, he gave me the answer.

“Another clone,” he grinned, “I might be down to 65% power now, but that’s all I need. I’ve already taken out one of your friends and once I’m done with you, I’ll only have to deal with the other two freaks.”

“You mean us?”

End threw me forwards, whilst he jumped backwards, an arrowing just missing his head. Furious, he tossed a fireball into the dust storm. I took this as my cue to leave.

“WHERE ARE YOU HIDING!?” he yelled. Looks like even he was having problems seeing things through the dust. This was an opportune moment to strike. Without my sword though, I was in a spot of bother. What spells could I use to take him down?

A hand grasped my shoulder, and I nearly punched its owner.

“Charles?” I asked, to which he nodded. This was definitely my friend.

“I’ve got a plan,” he whispered, “and it’s a bit of a gamble. But if it works, it might just pay off.”

“What is it?” I asked, attempting to keep an eye on End.

“My ultimate move,” he explained, “Arrow of Dawn. The attack that destroyed half a city that one time.”

“There isn’t really a city to destroy here, so it should be safe,” I chuckled,

“but how do you plan on hitting him?”

“With your help,” he continued, “I need you to attack End and stun him long enough for me to charge up my attack and hit him with it. It’ll use up all the energy I’ve got left, so it has to hit him no matter what happens.”

“That’s really dangerous Charles,” I pointed out, “if you get hit even once...”

He gave me a sad smile, “I know, but it’s the only plan we’ve got. And like we said, we have to take it down. Greg already sacrificed himself, now it’s up to us.”

Sigh. He was right, just like always. There was no other way of putting it. But how to pull Charles’ plan off? Even without the risk of expending all his energy, it was still pretty dangerous.

“Hit him with everything you’ve got,” he told me, “use every spell you can think of. Stun him long enough for me to get him with the arrow. Do it and we can end this!”

“Alright,” I nodded slowly, “get ready.”

We both prowled back towards our opponent, who was still stumbling blindly through the darkness. This was it. This was the time to strike.

“FIST OF FURY!” I barked, leaping forward, catching End unawares and landing a blow across his stomach.

He groaned in pain, as the momentum carried me right past him. I turned, and with my opponent still stunned I struck again.

“LIGHTNING SURGE!”

My fist, this time powered with electricity, gave End another frying and brought him down to his knees. He conjured up some more of his shadows orbs and threw them in my direction, but I managed to dodge each and every one of them.

“Too slow,” I taunted, “DOUBLE FIST OF FURY!”

I hit him again. And again. And again. Each blow I landed against him inched me ever so closer to victory. Sure, it was a long shot. More than a long shot in fact. Any other person would have given up by now, considering the odds we wee facing. But not me. Never me.

“THIS IS FOR GREG!” I told him, after smacking him for the fiftieth time, “SHOCKWAVE!”

Like Greg had done, I grabbed hold of End and blasted him with almost every ounce of energy I had left. He writhed in pain once again, as I reminded him of the person he’d destroyed. This was it. There would be no mercy for my opponent. He had to be utterly defeated, else he’d destroy everything and everyone in Minecraft.

“You’ll... regret... alll... of this... DAN!”

He broke free of my attack and responded exactly as I hoped he would. Charging up another one of his permanent despawning moves, he was going to try and take me out in one. Or so he thought.

“SAY HI TO GREG FOR ME!” he declared, swinging his fist.

“CHAINS OF BINDING!”

“WHAT!?”

The metallic chains I’d used in my last battle shot out from my sleeves and encircled my opponent, binding and wrapping every portion of his body. He struggled, attempting to break free before the spell was complete. Luckily, I had someone on hand to help me.

“CLUSTER BARRAGE!”

Boom had taken this opportunity to leap out of his hiding place and pelt Project End with another round of explosives. He tossed up several blocks of TNT into the air, which exploded, releasing several smaller blocks of TNT. Each fell down upon End, who was engulfed in another round of fire and brimstone. I was lucky enough to step out of the way at the last minute.

“That should do it,” Boom decided, “now get him Charles!”

End was face down on the ground, panting heavily. The chains I’d summoned had successfully trapped him. His clothes were torn and he was covered in scratches and bruises. Finally, we were getting somewhere.

Charles stepped into view and pulled back on his bowstring. At first, nothing happened. It was nothing more than a regular arrow. Hardly the so-called amazing Arrow of Dawn I’d heard him brag about so much. Was this piece of wood really going to take down Project End?

And that’s when the world pretty much exploded in blue light.

The tip of the arrow was blasted in this mighty aqua glow, which could melt anyone’s eyeballs just by looking at it. The arrow I had mocked only a few seconds prior now looked ready to rip apart the ground, making a worthy grave for our foe.

Seriously, this thing looked like it could cause some pretty serious damage.

Charles pulled back on the bowstring a little more, and the blocks beneath him began to crack. This arrow was literally begging to be released, to destroy whatever it came into contact with. But would it be enough?

End was starting to stir now. He was attempting to stand to his feet and to wriggle free from his chains. It was now or never. Time to end this once and for all.

“Time to end End,” said Charles.

I don’t know if it was the pressure of the situation, or maybe because I was slowly becoming stark, raving insane, but I have never laughed so hard in my life.

Charles let the arrow loose, and time itself seem to freeze. For a moment, I watched the projectile just hang there. Stuck in the air. The metal tip winking with blue light...

Then time continued, the arrow flew forth and struck End square in the chest.

“NOOOO!’ he cried out, as the shaft exploded, bathing End in the light of dawn.

It was several minutes before I dared to open my eyes again. When I did, I was greeted by a sight most horrifying.

Charles was down, breathing heavily. That attack had sucked every last bit of energy out of his body. A short distance away was Boom, who’d managed to get himself caught in the arrow blast. He was down for the count. Greg, of course, wasn’t anywhere to be seen.

And at the center of the field of battle stood none other than Project End. His body smoking, with many pixels missing. Somehow he’d managed to survive the attack. Heck, he’d managed to survive everything we’d thrown at him. What was one arrow going to change?

Still... he was distracted. Swaying in place. He was hurt, there was no denying that. If there had ever been a better time to finish this battle, it was now. I had to hit him with every last bit of energy left in my body if I was going to take him down.

And I was. I was going to take him down. He’d gone too far, caused too much damage. If this was just a taste of what he was capable of, he couldn’t be allowed to get any further. He had to be stopped here and now.

Carefully, I picked up Charles’ spare sword. Then, with a few careful steps, I began my approach towards End. Yes, he had his back turned. He was staring at something I couldn’t see. Perhaps surveying the destruction he’d managed to wrought. Reveling in his almighty power. Disgusting.

Just a few steps away, and I could hear him muttering to himself.

“... ban them, ban them all. Yes. Ban each and every one of them. All of them. All of the rulebreakers. Ban them. Ban them. Ban them.”

“OVER MY DEAD BODY!” I cried out, leaping to close the distance and bring my weapon down upon End. But at the very last moment, he sidestepped.

“Too slow,” he shrugged, kicking the sword away and grasping me by the throat once again.

“You bounty hunters are too much trouble for your own good. It’s time I put a true end to you.”

His free hand began glowing with electrical energy.

“Say hello to Notch for me,” he said, “Lightning Fist!”

As he swung forward, I grabbed his hand and held onto it tightly. It was painful. Beyond painful. Electricity coursing through my body, growing more intense with each passing second. Still, I’d last it out. I’d take every attack he threw at me. I wasn’t going to let him win. Not like this.

“I was hoping you’d do that,” End smiled that awful smile.

Oh no.

His fist turned purple. The one I was currently holding. The same one which had banned Greg only a few minutes prior.

This was it.

It was over.

No coming back now. No second chances. Nothing. In a few moments, I'd be banned. Along with Greg, I wouldn't exist in this world. And then Project End would escape. He'd win. He'd destroy every living thing in existence.

I'd lost.

…

No.

I haven’t lost. Not yet. There’s still one last trick up my sleeve.

I stared deep into End’s grinning face, as I felt my body begin to disappear. I was fading away into nothingness, the bottom half of my body having already disappeared. In a few seconds, no more would remain of Dan Danger.

It was too late for me. But it wasn’t too late for Charles and Boom.

Every movement was painful, but I pressed onwards. Taking a deep breath, I began pushing back the fist End had made. He raised an eyebrow, as if trying to figure out what I was doing.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, “Afraid to be banned? Well it’s too late for you! It’s over!”

“I’m not afraid,” I managed to croak, as my upper body was consumed by the spell, “but you are.”

End’s eyes squinted, as if trying to figure out what I was talking about, before they opened wide in horror.

“No...”

Oh yes.

With the last verges of strength in my decaying body, I grabbed End’s arm and pushed it into his face. It was barely a punch, not even a hit. But the blow was enough. The very spell he’d used to defeat me had just been turned against me.

“You banned me,” he muttered, as his body began disappearing as well.

“I did,” I nodded.

“So this is what it feels like... what each of those players felt...”

There was a moment of silence between us, before he finally spoke up again.

“I’m sorry.”

Ah, there goes my writing hand.

EPILOGUE

Hey guys, it’s Charles here.

You’re probably wondering why it’s me writing in this diary and not Dan. Well, if you haven’t figured it out yet, Dan isn’t here anymore. He’s gone. Forever...

When we fought Project End, we knew he was going to be tough. The toughest threat we’d ever come across. And yet, even knowing that, we still went to fight him. We gave our very best to try and defeat that psycho... and even that wasn’t enough.

Even with our most powerful moves and our smartest strategies, Project End had just been too much for us. So Dan, being that stupid genius that he is, decided to try the one trick that End would never expect.

He got himself banned, and in the process, managed to ban End as well.

I’m the Head Admin now, considering we lost both Dan and Greg. Boom helped me out for a time, but he’s had his own missions to work on. Last I heard, he was busy trying to make more giant circles. Guess he’ll never lose that little insane part of him.

It seems like a sad ending, doesn’t it? The hero doesn’t make it, and the world is left in a sorry state. And whilst that’s true, that doesn’t mean this story has to have a sad ending. Because now we have a chance! We have a chance to rebuild and to start all over again, and not to make the mistakes that haunt our past.

Items like Herobrine’s Trident and Notch’s Apple were most powerful objects indeed, but they were intended to be wielding by those much more powerful than us. People who had the right to wield them. So I’ve taken it upon myself to hide these objects in places no one will find them. Even Boom gave up Herobrine’s Apple, though apparently “it made things too easy anyway.”

Dan didn’t sacrifice himself for nothing. He understood something. He understood that to build a better world, we needed a fresh start. A place where the Developers and Admins were meant to help us, not control everything. This is something he tried to change himself, but ultimately failed.

But like I said, we now have that chance. The chance to make things right. Thanks to Dan, no more threats remain, and Minecraft is safe once again. There will of course be new foes which will rise up to face us. But when they do get here, they’ll have myself, Boom and even the other bounty hunters to deal with.

Although the present may look bleak, the future really is brighter than ever. Thank you for reading.

The End.